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JILTED A MILLIONAIRE TO BECOME A CLERK'S WIFE.

Miss Sadie Drown Married F. Me-Comas When She Was to Have Married James Kirk.

PEPUBLIC SPECIAL.
Washington, July 7.—The particulars of the illting of a wealthy young Chicago man



Miss Sadle Florence Drown. by a charming Washington girl are being

discussed here.

Recently Miss Sadie Florence Drown was married to James F. McComas, a clerk in the land office. James Kirk of Chicago, son of the millionaire soap manufacturer, is the filted man of the story. Some of Miss Drown's friends are willing to forgive her for the transference of her affections, as she was actuated by a principle, and sacrificed to this a large fortune, but they criticise her action in marrying the same night and at the same place when and where she was to have become Mrs. James

Six months ago Miss Drown promised to become the wife of the wealthy Chicago man, and all went well until she found, early in June, that Mr. Kirk had been married, divorced, and was, at that time, pay ing large alimony to his first wife. Miss Drown announced to her friends that there would be no wedding, and all presents were returned. When urged to change her mind, as all plans for the wedding had been made, she shook her head and refused to listen to their arguments in favor of Mr. Kirk. Then make the amouncement of her engagement to Mr. McComas. Not a detail of the wedding preparation was altered.

Mrs. McComas is an accomplished musician, possessed of a fine sourane voice. For several years she has taught school. Her social position is of the best. She is president of the Nelly Curtis Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a place that in itself carries social distinction with it.

Mr. and Mrs. McComas have gone to the Catskills to spend their honeymon. Friends would be no wedding, and all presents were

Catskills to spend their honeymoon. Friends of Mr. Kirk say that it was Mr. Kirk who changed the wedding plans, as his father objected to the match.

OLD HOUSE TO BE RAZED.

It Was the California Home of Lola Montez, Professional Beauty.

HE SAW NAPOLEON ON HIS MARCH TO MOSCOW.

Little Corporal's Trip to Russia and His Retreat Through Poland.

EDPUBLIC SPECIAL. Chicago, Ill., July 7.—Andreicz Dekarz, 194 years old, died in Chicago the other day. He left 125 descendants, two of whom are his great-great-grandchildren, and his life Spanned the history of the world from before the time of Napoleon I to the present. Dekarz raw the great Napoleon as he rode with his marshals through Poland on the road to Moscow, helmets flashing, hanners streaming in the northern sun, the highspirited army of Prance shouting nothing but victory. And he saw the Corolean as he fell back from Moscow, its army barded by tamine and harassed by Cossacks, who hung on the broken flanks like vultures.

Eckars sheek hands once with Koscausito, the Polish here of 1797. He lought in three wars and was three times wounded fighting for Poland in the week of terrible battle at Grochow, in 1835.

When Grandfather Dekarz was born in Posen, in 1336, King Shanishaus had only surrendered the crown the year before the came into the world as Poland died, and all his life he dreamed of the kingdom restored and Warsaw the capital again of an independent country.

Granuffather bekears come to this country. rode with his marshals through Poland on

and wareaw the capital again of an independent country.

Grandfather Pekarz came to this country in ISS from Posen, in German Poland, where he was born left years and 8 months ago, when the dememberment of Poland had scarcely been accomplished. Kosciusko was the streat here, and Polish nobles and people alike believel that something would yet prevent the destruction of Poland. Grandfather Dekarz's father was a carpenter and the boy was apprenticed to the trade. He remembered little before the coming of Napoleon except that head was dear and that the young men of the village had all been conscripted for the armies of the Czar or for the armies of Pruesia. Then the eld men of the town began to tail of Napoleon, of Bonaparte, who had promised to save the country. When Napoleon struck northward with his army on the invasion of Russia all Poland rejoiced.

The day came when Napoleon rode up the streets and through the town of Posen at the head of his marshals. Amireled Dekarz was 15 years old then, alert and active. His heart was fired with stories of Napoleon, it was not possible that his here could walk and talk and look like other men. Oh, no: which was not possible that his here could walk and talk and look like other men. Oh, no: whether the head of his marshals. Amireled Dekarz was the thunder of horses' hoods, and a tremendous shouling away up the streets. Here they come, all respleadent in the uniforms of the Emperor's guard. Here they come, guidons flashing, swords twinking, and Amarelez with his heart in his throat, leasing far out from the topmost limb of the tailest tree he could find. But no, the Emperor was not there. A gray old man with grizzled heard rode on one pendent country.
Grandfather Dekarz came to this country



DU HOUSE TO BE RACKU.

If Was the California House of Loka Monter, Preference on Loka Monter, Preferen

REMARKABLE FEAT OF AN AMATEUR HUNTER.

Aged Polander Remembered the Harry Lee Needs a Polar Bear and Chicago Man W Musk Ox to Complete His Collection of American Game.

> REPUBLIC SPECIAL. Chicago, Ill., July 7.-Harry E. Lee of Chicago, partly to help spend his money



They did not stop to mince matters.

and more particularly to satisfy an inherted love for hunting, started out years ago to make a collection of all the big game of the North American Continent, determiding at the outset that he would kill all his specimens himself. In his quest he has hunted from coast to coast, from Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. He has added to his collection in the dense forests of Upper Canada, the swumps and camebrakes of Mississippi and Leuisiana, the glacters and ice floes of Alaska, the hummocks and everglades of Picitida, the Adirondack Mountains in New York and the Maine woods, the Cumber-land Mountains in Peansylvania, the Ozark Mountains and British Columbia, and he has only to kill a polar bear and a mark ox to complete his task.

He already has made two trips to Alasha, but he will make a third one some time in 1900 specially to round out his collection with a white hear and a musk ox if he can get any companions he also will work his way over into Ashatic Russia, in hopes of getting a few shata at Shectan hopes

can get any companions he also will work his way over into Asiatic Russia, in hopes of getting a few shots at Siberian bears and wolves. As fast as he secures his specimers Lee ships them to the nearest city of any size, where he has them mounted by experienced taxidermists. As yet he has made no attempt to gather all the trophles of his maximanship in one place, and they are scattered all over the United States. But he has a project for the future, when his collection is compete.

"When I find a place to suit me," he said in explanation, "I propose to build a hunting ladge after my own ideas, 4 will creet a house for my specimens, so that I may have them close at hand to remind me of the planeures I have had in their pursuit. I want my lodge to stand on the shores of some lake, with a stretch of woodland and timber scattered about, where my dogs can turn and where, if I choose, I can surrounligane I love so well, in brief, I will have a misseum with its exhibits to remind me of the dangers I have gone through in the past and a game preserve to satisfy my craving for sports affeld in the future.

"Will the completion of the big game col-

FOUND HIS FO BY

Up in Despai dentally Unear

REPUBLIC SPECIAL Florence, Colo., Je a Chicago man, has est mining strikes (rado benanzas. Th ould not have raid square meal. To-da Anderson arrive

making preparat a fortune on a we three months ago ear, without mone of green prospect chunks and sent to They failed to fir derson and a few ! kept on traini

caught a few me give up the walked at a

is pocket, and and turned it ake it glisten. e matter, and but he really pyrites or of a rest of the he came back pure about the where he had that from time at" had been

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ORIGINATOR OF THE DIME ANCE. NOVEL OF OUR BOYHOOD.

O. J. Victor Talks of the Old Yellow-Backed Book, Its Rise, Its Fall and Its Successors.

New York, July 7.—An interviewer has just sought out the man who originated the



Undercitff, N. J., and his name is Orville J. Victor. He is the man who edited and practically conceived the idea of the oldfashioned, yellow-backed novel that sold for 19 cents in the days when all other books were kept at a high price, and the cheap magazine with its short and interesting romances was almost unknown.

When not busy among his garden beds and flowers in his country home, Mr. Vic-tor occupies an office at No. 156 Broadway, where he still engages in literary work. Some of the best authors of the time co-tributed to those little books, for whi Mr. Victor was responsible. Among those authors still living Colonet Prentiss Ingraham, Clara Augusta Trask, Edward

lagraham, Clara Angusta Trask, Edward S. Ellis, William R. Eyster and Charles Morris are possibly the best known to-day. Besides these, there were Colonel A. J. H. Duganne, the war poet; John Neal, the Maine poet; Judge William Jared Hall, Colonel John S. Warner, Mrs. Mary A. Dennison, Mrs. Anna S. Stephens and Mrs. Metra V. Victor. "They speak of the immense sales of modern besks, the David Harum" and other productions," says Mr. Victor, "Why, when our series was started, in the early sixtles, the sales of the books all ran above 200,000 and many ran as high as \$0.000 copies. Seth Joney, for instance, sold immensely, and all of Mr. Ellis's books went like wildlife. It was my aim to give highelass reading, adventurous, but clean, and not an earth or an undestrable situation found its way into the old dime novel. The word dime novel to-day, on the contrary, is a synonym for everything that is trashy and demoralizing to youthful minds.

They speak of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' We issued a little volume. Maum Guinea, which dealt with the auti-beliam days down South, and it was read all over the world when the Civil War broke out.

"There is no dime novel to-day. At least, the beliam of the tree." "There is no dime novel to-day. At least, not in the old meaning of the term. The time for them may come again some day, but it does not look as now."

Next to Mr. Victor in the Froduction of the old novel is Alexander Orr, who engraved all the noted productions of the artist's pencil in the early days. Mr. Orr lives near Mr. Victor and the two men often spend hours together talking over the old times when, at No. 52 John street, a little colony of artists and litterateurs used to congregate and evolve the popular books and stories of the time.

The full-pare illustrations in the weeklies of 1886 bear witness to many a days continuel hard work by Mr. Orr, bent over the wood blocks and carrying out, stroke by stroke with the little engraver's edge, the lines of the artist's pencils. Photoengraving has neutrod the wood engraver's usefulness to-day to a great extent, and Mr. Orr has now the memory of the good old days to live over in his beautiful country bonicstead near Undercolff.

SEEKS A BROTHER'S PARDON. Young Indiana Girl Working Val-

iantly in a Labor of Love

REPUBLIC SPICIAL Hartford City, Ind., July 7.—Misa Vernie

a groce where he had a sight are qualified with the content and called him asside.

"I ha cated a gold mine," said Anderson, "I haven't got money endugh to buy a box and tools."

"Whe is?" said the storekeeper.

"Not has, partner," remarked Anderson, "you set up some crackers and cheese he strength of what I've aiready told ye.

The reryman said that he would, and the lay was spread on the top of a sugar barrel nderson at with the appetite of a man histarved, and when he had finished he boned some of the storekeeper's to-hacto, and his pipe, and was ready to talk busine

"Tremnd the gold vein out there on the hills,"marked Anderson, "I've located it pat, all want the money to get the ore a gruby and get me some tools. Give me a gruby and get me some tools give me some tools. Give me a gruby and get me some tools. Give me a gruby and get me some tools. Give me a gruby and get me some tools. Give me a gruby and get me some tools. Give me a gr

St. Paul. July 7.—'The liquor habit is decreasing among the men, but it is in-creasing among women," said Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, of St. Louis, in her lecture on temperance at St. Mary's Hall, Mrs. Lake was introduced by Father Gibbons of St. Mary's Church, and spoke for over an hour, her subject being, "Why I Am a Total Abstainer." The lecturer stated that one reason why more men were lotal abstainers now was because their business interests demanded it. Many business concerns refused to employ a man unless they had sufficient proof that he never touched liquor in any form. On the other hand, many firms that employ women complain, said Mrs. Lake, that their employes bring liquor to their work with them. A man at the head of a large factory informed the lecturer that it was not uncommon for girls to bring bottles of whisky with them to the factory, hidden away in their stockings. ra M. Lake, of St. Louis, in her lecture on

last week was the presence of a number of young men who were dressed in dark gray or bus sack coats and atraw hats instead of the conventional frock coat and high hat. Nearly all the guests had come from New York for the wedding, and many of the men who wore frocks regretted that they had not been courageous enough to wear short coats. The men who did appear in short coats did it by choice, and not from necessity, and it was suggested that with a few more object lessons of the same cort the frock coat might be tabooed at similar weldings in the summer.

Is now operating a through sleeping-car line between St. Louis and Wichita. Train leaves St. Louis cally at 8:10 p. m., arriving

PRINCESSES FROM INDIA ON A GLOBE-TROTTING TRIP.

Cross the United States, and Say Our Men Are Too Busy and Not Equals of Their Sisters.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. San Francisco, Cal., July 7.—The Prin-cesses Bamba and Sophia Dhuleep Singh recently arrived to San Francisco from Tokio on the Japanese steamship Nippor Maru. The Princesses are on their way to the Paris Exposition, and will have completed the tour of the world when the reach Paris, having started from England on their present journey. They have just left San Francisco and will go directly to New York.

The first experience of the Princeses Dhulesp Singh with the American intr-viewer seems to have amused and amezed them considerably. They were seen at the Palace Hotel, two dark, slender girls, simply gowned in dark blue, perhaps to and 25 years old, and with a curious mixture in manner of hauteur and an English unsophistication.

unsophistication.

"We are going to Paris," said the Princess Sophia, "but we really prefer to say nothing about our trip."

"Do you like America? But it is early to say..."

to say "We have met many Americans and think the women charming," said Princess Sorbia,

the women charming," said Princess Sorbhia.

"And American men—you like them?"
"Not so much. They work too hard, and are not the women's equal," and the representative of the most aristocratic case system in the world looked a little accordin.

"With you are the women also superior." But the Frincesses Dhuicep Singh declined to answer further than to say that the Indian colleges are open to women.

"We have been interested intely here in a priest from our country. Swami Vive-Kananda. Do you know of him?"

"No," said the elder Princesa, and her cyclids drooped indifferently over the brilliant cycs.

"We understood he represented your indian Protesiant creed, Vedanthan?"

"I knew nothing of h." protested the Princess.

"We in See Fernadace have hear been twins to

Princess.
"We in San Francisco have been trying to
do something for your starving people in

"We in San Francisco have been trying to do something for your starving people in India." Indeed " axid the Princesses both, but without one spark of interest, and playing indifferently with the diamonds on their elementarises are there to Japan, to San Francisco, and they will go on from New York to England again, ending in Paris, They visited in San Francisco the medical department of the University of California, and were much pleased with what they saw. They are traveling a la Americaine and were much pleased with what they saw. They are traveling a la Americaine almost—with, a French maid only, these Princesses of the oldest and must aristocratic race known to-day. With a marked English accent and a decided Spanish appearance, it would be, indeed,



Two dark, slender girls, simply gowned in dark blue.

difficult to determine their nationality without the Hindoo name, but the slim, fine brown, taper finers are only "mode in India"—and beautiful they are.

BABE LOST FOR TWO DAYS.

Lived Alone in a Snake-Infested Patch of Wild Raspberries.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.
Lebanon, Pa., July 7.—The 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hoover, Brown, a 14-year-old girl of this city, has living at the foot of the Blue Mountains, near Grantville, East Hanover Township, wandered away from home one evening this week, and for two days a searching party of 100 people were looking for her. Finally while several women were searching through some thick underbrush, they heard the child crying for her mather, and nt once rescued her and took her home.

The place where the child was found is infested with many species of anakes, and it is considered remarkable that the little one was found alive. For two days the babe lived on wild raspherries.

NEWPORT IS AUTO MAD.

Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Vanderbilt Experts. REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

society women is setting the pace here for STOCKINGS. the followers of the automobile fad. They are Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Herman Ocirichs and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Jr.

Newport, R. I., July 7.-A notable trie of

Newport is auto mad. The horseless steed has taken possession of Ocean and Bellevue avenues, as well as the less pretentious thoroughfares, and is by far more popular than even during its haloyon days of last season. Although the women mentioned have been severally prominent, it remans for a yachting party to bring them together in procession. This occurred when all had been out on a sail on the seventy-footer Virginia.

On their return Mrs. Willie K. Vander-

bill, Jr., led the home-going pleasure seekers in her own flyer, followed by Mrs. Relmont, who was in turn followed by Mrs.

Herman Ocirichs.
The trio attracted attention as they whired through Newport.
The "Vanderbilt flyer" is the fastest SACK COATS AT A WEDDING.
REFULL SPECIAL.
Tuxedo, July 7.—One of the noticeable features of a fashlouable wedding at Tuxedo last week was the presence of a number of young men who were dressed in dark gray or blue sack coats and straw hats instead in the same that has figured so prominently in the newspapers of late as a bucker, for blue sack coats and straw hats instead in the newspapers of late as a bucker, where the same that has figured so prominently in the newspapers of late as a bucker, for the same that has figured so prominently in the same that has figured so prominently in the same that has figured so prominently in the world, doing fifty-five miles an hour on the road and sixty, or a mile a minute. Stepped for racing. It is the fastest production of the probability in the world, doing fifty-five miles an hour on the road and sixty, or a mile a minute. Stepped for racing. It is a Dalim-ler machine, and was made in Paris. It is a Dalim-ler machine, and was made in Paris. It is a Dalim-ler machine, and was made in Paris. It is a Dalim-ler machine, and was made in Paris. It is a Dalim-ler machine, and was made in Paris. It is a Dalim-ler machine, and was made in Paris. It is a Dalim-ler machine, and was made in Paris. It is a Dalim-ler machine, and was made in Paris. It is a Dalim-ler machine, and was made in Paris. It is a Dalim-ler machine, and was made in Paris. It is the production of the production

Mrs. Willie K. is an expert "mob" manipulator.

Last year Mra. Oelrichs gave society something to talk about by entering for an auto race with Mrs. Lordilard Spencer. She herself is not above driving in gay procession with flowers twined around her wheel spokes.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont originated and led the first automobile parade that Newport has known. Beautiful prizes were offered for the most skillful manipulators of the carriages. Ever since the horse has been going down the steep path that leads to oblivion.

Dining cars and sleepers.

St. Louis to Buffalo, New York and Boston. Three traits a day via Big Four.

MINE HAS BEEN ON FIRE

FOR NEARLY THREE MONTHS. Floeds of Water Poured Into It but Still It Is Impossible to Recover a Victim's Body.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. Pittsburg, Pa., July 7.-Mine fire fights ing on scientific lines, with all known do



One man was caught behind the fire and is still buried in the mine.

vices and the aid of nature, is being carded on at Eesen No. 3, of the Pitteburg Coal Company at Hazeltine. The work has een in progress since Good Friday, April 13, and still the end is not in sight. On Good Friday a little spark from a motor, deep down in the mine, set fire to some oil and grease in a pumphouse and started a. fire. Few men were in the mine at the time. it being a holiday and also payday. These two events saved Allegheny County from a mine horror that might have been without parallel in the State. As it was one man was caught behind the fire and is still buried in the mine.

Rescuing parties tried to rescue Wensel

Rescuing parties tried to rescue Wensel Rescuing parties tried to rescue Wensel Sternad, the man entombed in the mine, but after ineffectual attempts to reach him were finally compelled to give it up, and the work of extinguishing the fire was commenced, three days after the blaze started. All the entrances and nir shafts were brattleed and water poured into the mine.

The fire started about a mile back in the mine and was hard to get at. After flooding the mine for almost two months it was opened last week and an effort at once made to reach Room 15, Entry 31, where the body of Sternad is supposed to be buried. However, the mine was found to still be on fire, and had to be closed at once.

One pump bad been busy day and night forcing the water into the burning mine, but it was not of sufficient capacity to keep up the supply necessary. Then the forces of nature were called in. On the hills above the mine are twenty-five gas wells, and the everflow of water from these was brought into requisition. More or less water flows constantly from these wells, and all the surpius was turned into the mine, by way of an air shaft. Still the mine is not full of water, and when it will be is problematical.

Part of the mine is higher than the main entry, and to get water to this portion is an engineering problem. It may be that wells will have to be driven to penetrate the higher portions, and water poured into the mine through these. However, it is hoped the mine will be filled in a week or ten days, and another effort will then be made to open it and get at Sternad's body. hoped the mine will be filled in a week or ten days, and another effort will then be made to oten it and get at Sternad's body.

The explosion has furnished the miners in the little village with an ever-ready source of gosep. None of them expects even a particle of the body of Sternad will be found. The flames raged for three days before the water was turned into the mine, and it is possible that the body was burned. Then the action of the water, the miners say, would destroy all traces that were left. The fire has been an expensive one for the company. The mine is tile, and, in addition, the work done to extinguish the fire, it is estimated, has cost \$5.600.

OLD LOVER AT THE WEDDING.

Bride and Bridegroom Were Kneeling When the Soldier Returned.

REFUELIC SPECIAL.

Greenwich, Conn., July 7. — Just as the bride and bridegroom were kneeling, the old lover returned. He was pale and thin, and his arm was in a sling. He came into the room as the minister was pronouncing the kneeling couple husband and wife. It been reported that the old lover had met his

death in the Philippines.
Guests at the Worden-Bouteller wedding, at the bride's home in Glenbrook, were starat the bride's home in Glenbrook, were startled by the reappearance of a man whom all believed to be dead. Miss Gertrude D. Worden, the bride, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Worden. The bridegroom is G. Francis Routelier of Southboro, Mass. The house was beautifully decorated with field flowers. The bride carried a bouquet of marguerites and clover blossoms.

While the minister was reading the service a man in soldier's uniform slipped unnoticed into the room. As the closing words of the ritum, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," were spoken he came forward and was one of the first to greet the bride. The returned man's name is Chamberiain, and his home is in Stamford. He served as General Lawton's alde and was serjously wounded. The report reached his home that he had been killed.

BURIED FOR SEVEN HOURS. Miner Lived on Air and Food From Rubber Tube.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.
West Deerfield, Me., July 7.—Fred Lansale west beerheid, Me., July 1.—Free Lansaur, which were tom of a well, 27 feet deep, amid scenes of the most exciting character, which were marked by heroid on the part of Fred Wellman which is rarely equaled.

Lansair started late in the afternoon to clean up the bottom of the well and had been at work but a few minutes when, without warning, the sides caved in and the moist earth banked in around him. Great stones fell down, making it impossible for him to lift hands or feet. His arms were pintoned to his sides and he was held firmly.

The temaining space above his head, with the exception of a small crack at one slile, into which the earth did not shake down sufficiently to completely close it, was filled by a large rock that was dislodged. Wellman, one of the party of rescuers, managed to dig around the hig rock and enter the well at the imminent peril of his own life, as it was thought the ground would show further weakness and he would be crushed. A long rubber tube was forced through which Lansair was enabled to breathe and receive food. He was finally rescued, after being luried seven hours. was rescued from imprisonment at the bot-

WAS HIGH SHERIFF

OF MISSOURL

Cincinnati, O., July 7.-Newton Phillips, colored charged with using the mails to de-fraud, entered a plea of guilty and was taken last night to St. Louis, the place of taken last night to St. Louis, the place of the alleged crime. Phillips is said to have represented himself to be J. W. Bryant, and on the pretence that he was the "High Sheriff of Missouri" collected 119 from Sally Lackland, a colored pensioner. He said the War Department required this amount of money to be collected from all pensioners, and sent an itemized statement of the gay the money was to be applied.